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AN INSTRUMENT OF TEN STRINGS.

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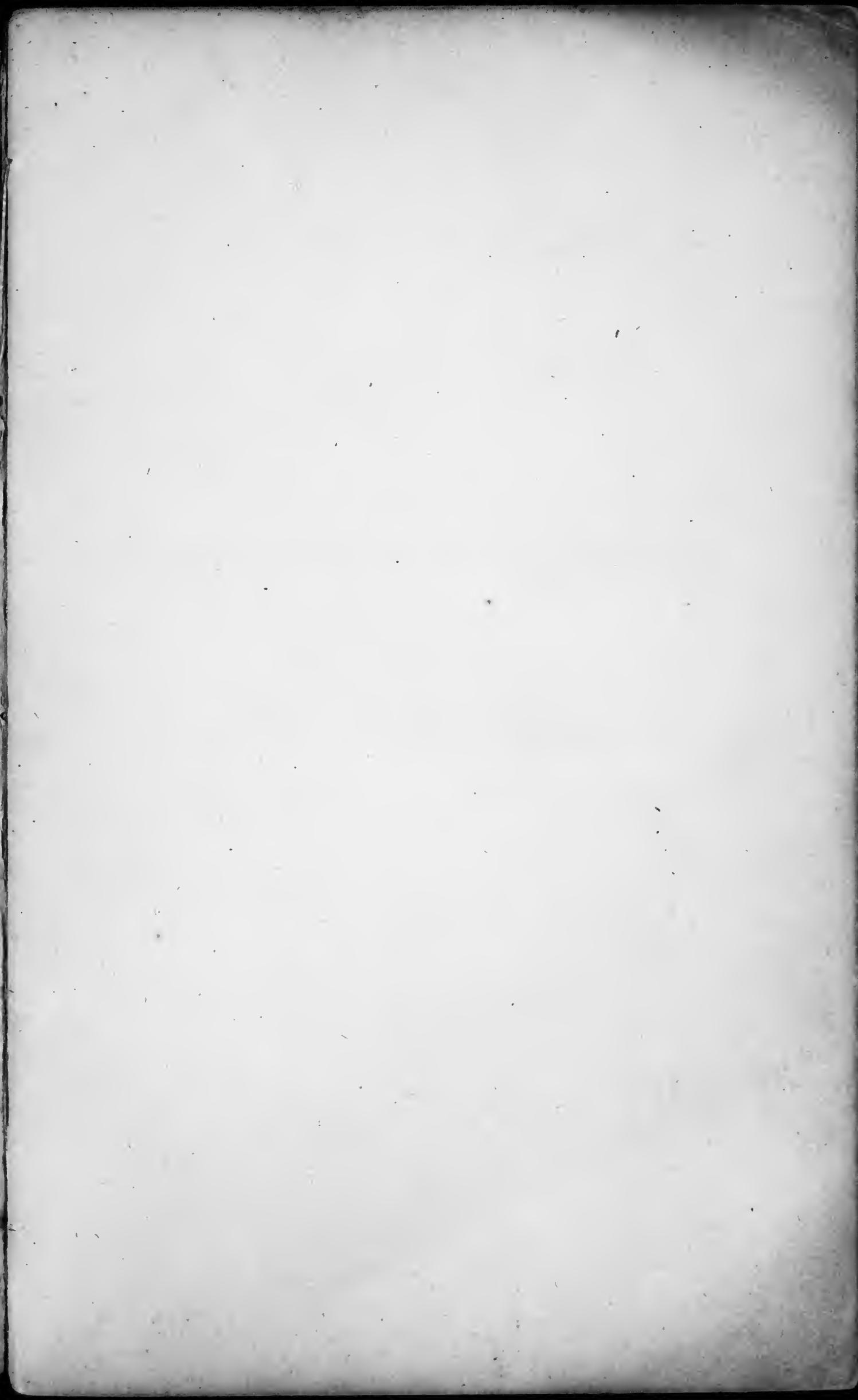
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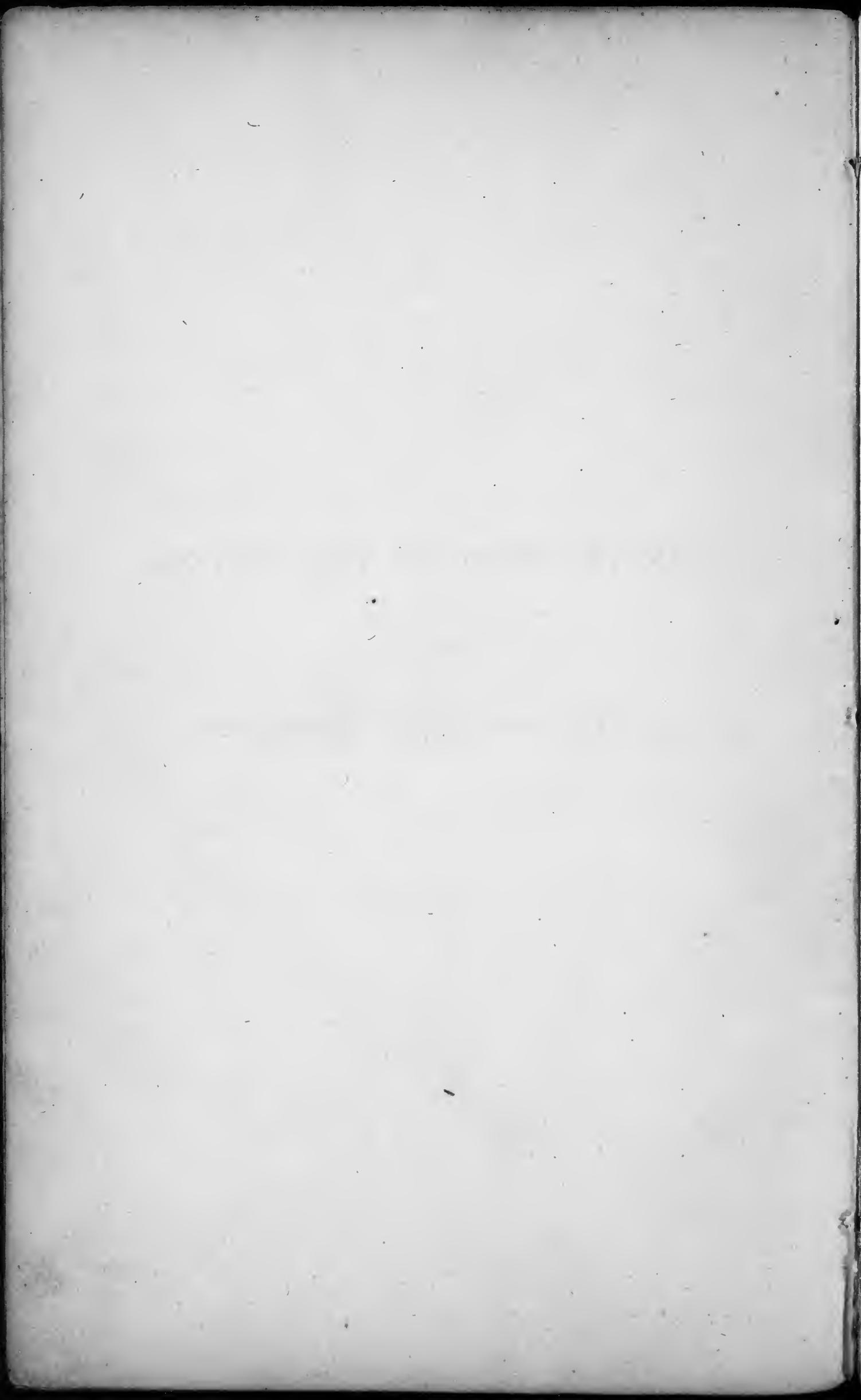
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by

Thos. W. M. Bunting

Wes. 1896





AN

INSTRUMENT OF TEN STRINGS,

STRUNG IN AID OF

THE WESLEYAN MISSIONS:

BY ALEC.

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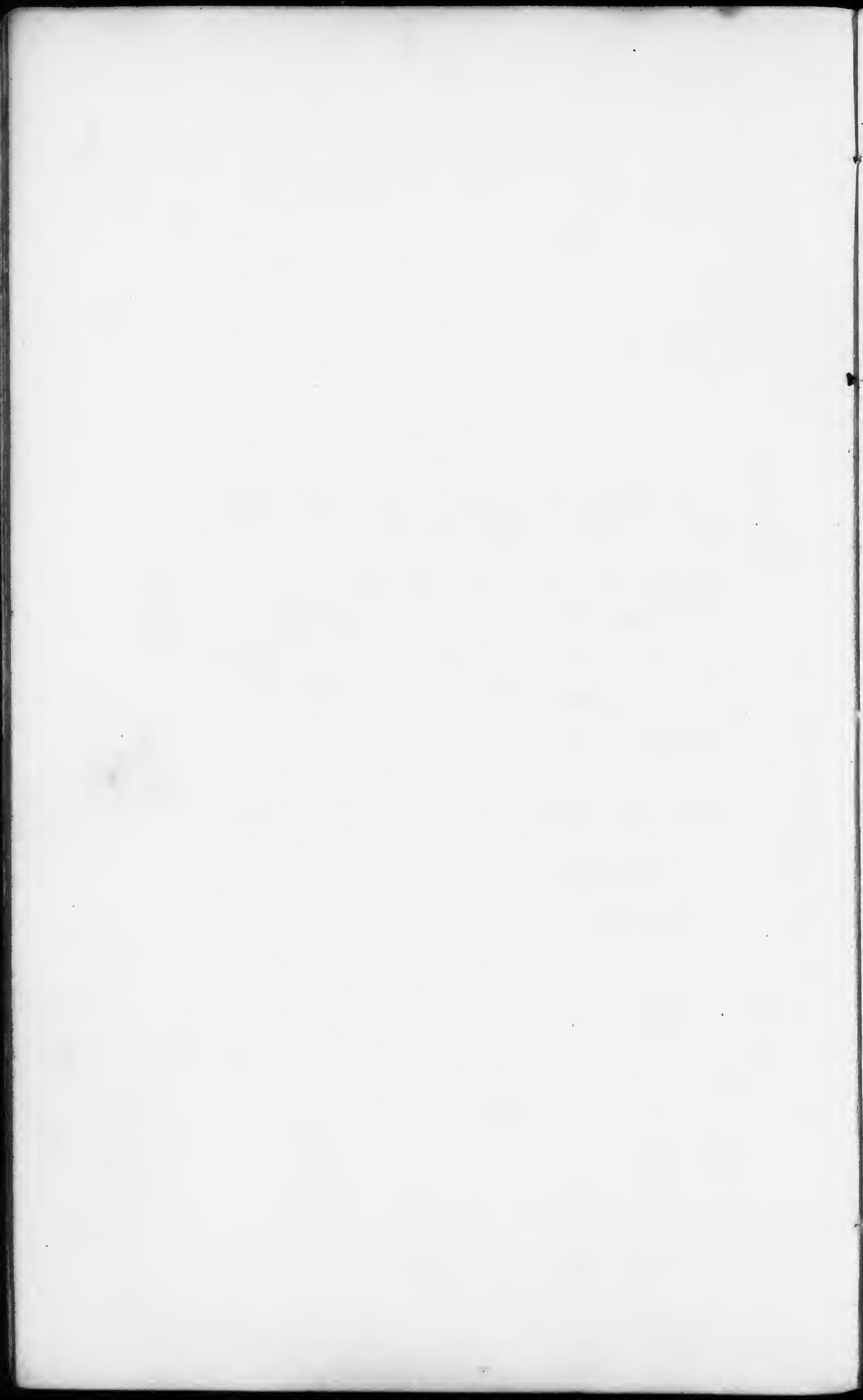
LONDON :
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Wes. 1896

OF the Ten Hymns following, which, with many others, were written originally for a hymn-book edited by the Rev. Dr. Leifchild, eight are omitted, and two materially abridged, in that Collection. They are put together in their present form, in discharge of a just demand made upon the pen of a by no means "*ready writer*," on behalf of THE GREATEST WORK OF GOD IN THE WORLD.

LONDON,

July 22d, 1842.



TEN HYMNS.

HYMN I.

CHRIST, BY HIS PROPITIATION, THE RESTORER OF THE EARTH.

Noah builded an Altar unto the Lord, and offered BURNT-OFFERINGS on the Altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour ; and the Lord said in His heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake.

The whole earth is full of His glory !—These things said Esaias, when he saw His glory, and spake of HIM.

WE love to call creation Thine,
Who twice hast given it birth,
Fair as the heavens that o'er it shine
This blest and blooming earth !

'T is Thine ; for, with the Father one,
By Thee the worlds He made,
And thence to His Eternal Son,
His rightful Heir, convey'd.

But lo ! 't is Thine, as, with a Price,
Won from the Cherub's sword ;
Who form'd our world one paradise,
Hath paradise restored.

Defiled and doom'd, when Adam fell,
 That world had been a waste,
 A lightning-wreck 'twixt heaven and hell,
 If Wrath had then made haste.

Though *he* were spared the threaten'd death,
 O ! life than death were worse,
 Earth's every feature, tone and breath
 Touch'd with the traitor's curse !

But no ; the grace that gave him life
Her ravagers disarms,
 And still for him her realms are rife
 With renovated charms.

Oft though the blight or tempest comes
 With tokens more severe,
 Hope's triumph-arch,* and joy's green homes,
 Reveal a Saviour near.

O ! holy ground, where He redeem'd
 Earth and her lord from loss ;
 All life hath sprung, all beauty beam'd,
 From that lone Crag and Cross !

Creator Christ ! Redeemer-GOD !
 What heart would *Thee* exclude
 From scenes Thy hallowing feet have trod,
 Thy very blood bedew'd ?

* The rainbow.

'T is as the dew of herbs and flowers,
 Mown grass, and budding leaves,
 Which, blessing all, through meads and bowers,
 Their balmy thanks receives.

Earth, bless'd by Thee, seems still Thy haunt ;
 Her music is Thy praise ;
 And all the charms her votaries vaunt,
 To us, reflect Thy rays.

And, Lord ! ere long we trust in Thee
 'Midst scenes so bright to wake,
 That, thence review'd, e'en these shall be
 Dim stars at morning-break !

HYMN II.

Behold the Lamb of God !

LAMB of GOD ! I gaze on Thee,
 Shepherding the flock of men ;
 Then, in tenderer charity,
 Like them made, and for them slain.

Lamb of GOD ! I gaze on Thee,
 Hanging on the destined Cross,
 By thy Offer'd Deity
 Cancelling our pain and loss.

Lamb of GOD ! I gaze on Thee,
 Pattern of a meek distress,
 Of sublime humility,
 Of Divine devotedness.

Lamb of GOD ! I gaze on Thee,
 Truth of every typic sign,
 Wisdom's finish'd Mystery,
 Victim, Priest, and Altar mine.

Deep the Truth, the Pattern high,
 Rich thy Merit, rare thy Love !
 Gazing, I exult, rely,
 Follow here—and find above !

HYMN III.

That ye may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ.

AH ! what can liken *me* to saints,
 The chief of sinners known ?
 My heart at their experience faints,
 To feel how poor mine own !

But, Lord ! Thy blessed words explain,
 The boundless love Divine,
 Which all, the meanest, saints attain,
 Is not *their* love, but thine !

First loved of God, they love again,—
 Yet dross for gold return,
 And triumph all in mercy then,
 Or all for mercy mourn.

Experience ? mine is but a tale
 Of faithlessness, or fear,
 How soon I shrink, how oft I fail,
 In duty's high career.

Experience ? Lord ! Thy love hath made
 Its even-tide seem light,
 Its midnight melt to twilight-shade,
 Its dawn to mid-day bright.

My want unlocks Thy rich supplies,
 My weakness woos Thy strength,
 My sin Thy depth of mercy tries,
 Its height, and breadth, and length.

The only grace in which I grow
 Is knowledge of Thy worth ;
 My hope for heaven is, *this* to know,
 My all of heaven on earth.

—Yet, Lord, be Love's heart-lesson taught
 In more than trust and peace ;
 Thou my whole righteousness hast wrought,
 My purity increase !

From guilt still freely cleanse my heart,
 But fully cleanse from guile ;
 A love resembling Thine impart,
 And on the likeness smile.

If *this* be sanctity—to know
 Thy mercy's strong constraints,
 The chief of sinners trusts to grow
 Into the least of saints.

Their fellowship e'en now he shares,
 And hopes to find above ;
 The link that binds his soul to theirs,
 And theirs to Thine, is love.

And O ! if *he* love most, to whom
 The most hath been forgiven,
 Thou knowest, Lord, *who* may become
 The happiest saint in heaven !

HYMN IV.

To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

I KNOW it ! Truth's revealing light
 Breaks on Thy suppliant from above ;
 I worship Thee, Thyself in sight,—
 For Thou art GOD, and GOD is Love :
 It passeth knowledge ! none can trace
 The path Thy steps of old have trod,*
 None grasp th' infinitude of grace ;
 For who hath known the mind of GOD ?

I know it ! Jesus, Thou hast cast
 Thy nature in the mould of mine,
 Lived Man with men, and shown at last
 Through Thy pierced side the heart Divine !
 It passeth knowledge ! mortal charms,
 Saintly, seraphic charities,
 All, save the Everlasting Arms,
 Are strange and cold, compared with THIS !

I know it ! Yes, this love hath power
 My spirit in its own to melt ;
 I have believed, and from that hour
 Its gladdening, hallowing virtue felt :

* Whose goings forth have been from of old.

It passeth knowledge ! ever known,
 It ever lures me more to know ;
 And while its fountain is The Throne,
 Its fulness must eternal flow !

HYMN V.

Be ye holy, for I am holy.

HOLY Father ! pledged to bless
 None who slight Thy holiness ;
 Let Thy mercy cleanse Thy child
 From whatever hath defiled.

Holy Jesus ! only one
 With Thy Sire's regenerate son ;
 Let Thy sanctifying blood
 Fit me for Thy brotherhood.

Holy Spirit ! grieved by sin
 In the souls Thou dwellest in ;
 Dwell to reign, and reign alone,
 Cast Thy rival from Thy throne.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 In Thy purity adored !
 Let me *feel* Thy purity,
 Fear, enjoy, resemble Thee !

HYMN VI.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

...love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.

LORD ! I would prove Thy truth's control,
Attest its triumphs in my soul,
Adorn the doctrine of Thy grace,
And walk unblamed before Thy face.

If power th' engrafting Spirit give
In union with The Vine to live,
O may He tend each heavenly shoot,
And nurse the germs to generous fruit.

Let love to man's whole family,
Great Father, spring from love to Thee,
A love unlimited as Thine,
Which shores, nor bonds, nor crimes confine !

Joy in the GOD I love be shown
By joy in all He counts His own ;
And peace by tempers and a mien
'Midst trials mild, resign'd, serene.

Long unprovoked may I remain ;
And gentle, when I must complain ;
And kind, and meek, that all in me
The fruit's soft, beauteous *bloom* may see ;

And faithful, lest my bounty's course
 Be traced to nature's fitful source ;
 And temperate, lest the impulse prove
 A sensual, not a sacred, love.

Yea, make me *purely* good, like Thee,
 Benign in Christ's benignity !
 My love, as in His life and mind,
 With rectitude and truth combin'd.

Be mine the Christian righteousness,
 Which scorns to injure or oppress,—
 Nor from the *souls*, in Christ who claim,
 Keeps back the knowledge of Thy name.

Be mine the comprehensive truth
 Ingenuous as untainted youth,
 And, though the world allures, or awes,
 Firm to its pledges, and Thy Cause.

In whatsoe'er is just, and true,
 And pure, and honourable, too,
 And lovely, and of good repute,
 Lord, let me show Thy Spirit's fruit !

Such fruit shall cluster fair as sweet,
 Win souls, and make Thy servant meet,
 All truth, and righteousness, and love,
 To flourish in Thy courts above !

HYMN VII.

MERCIES RECOUNTED IN AFFLICTION.

Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion, according to the multitude of His mercies.

GIVE me, Thy happy sufferer me,
In calm, resign'd humility
To rest beneath Thy rod :
My sins its strokes outnumber far,
But more than both Thy mercies are,
My faithful Father-God !

Like meadow-flowers, mown down to-day,
Fresh springing with the morrow's ray,—
Life's joys, as numberless,
Swept by thy scythe, my path may strew,
But they are every morning new,
Great is Thy faithfulness !

And doth not still Thy *promise* stand
To chasten, but with gentler hand,
Thy child's iniquity ?
My faults I own, Thy truth record ;
In very faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me !

Sure mercies such as these enhance
The world's unsought inheritance,
—My *soul* Thy care to know !

The upper springs on Sion's hill,
Swelling the nether, swiftly fill
My bliss to overflow !

E'en faith shall fade in visions bright :
Affliction's sultry summer-night
Is quickly, calmly worn ;
And lo ! yon breaks of light I see,
(My *darkest* trials past,) must be
The twilight of the *morn* !

O for the grace my grief t' endure,
And count Thy pledged compassion sure
Through life—in death—above !
O for the heart to bear, and bless,
The hope that blooms 'midst barrenness,
The heaven of trusting love !

HYMN VIII.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE OF SAINTS.

WHO die rejoicing in the Lord,
Their Paradise with Him attain,
Ere yet they grasp their great reward,
Ere yet their higher heaven they gain.

Their bodies slumber at His feet ;
Their souls assert a nobler birth,
And soar to His ethereal seat,
—And *this* is heaven, compared with earth !

By sorrow vex'd, and tired of strife,
 —Or strangely mourning o'er the blest,
 —Or fading fast from mortal life,
 We muse upon that spirit-rest.

Our thoughts to steer, our haste to stem,
 Do blest ones never earthward stray ?
 When open'd Paradise to them,
 Shone there on *us* no guiding ray ?

No, but the Word of God hath shone,
 To make it sure to heirs of grace ;
 No, but the Lord hath come—and gone—
 And lit the pathway and the place.

Faith ! track those steps of fadeless light ;
 Hope ! call yon promised rest thy own ;
 Celestial love ! with loftier flight,
 Go, breathe thy raptures at the Throne !

Betwixt the Vision-throne of God
 And where in earthly courts He reigns,
 All, who His courts accepted trod,
 Repose in triumph from their pains.

From welcome labours they repose,
 Yet endless services begin,—
 From wearier conflicts, cares and woes,
 —They die no more, they cannot sin !

No more on earth, nor *yet* in heaven,
 Unperfect, but approved and pure,
 They hail their promised freedom given,
 They know their full fruition sure.

Nor clothed with LIFE, nor clogg'd with clay,
 New their perceptions, powers and scope,
 Till dawn the Resurrection-day,
 They wait in calm, unanxious hope.

Loosen'd—not lost—each creature-link,
 Their joy is nearness, Lord, to Thee,
 —And O ! 't is almost pain to think
 What more than *this* our heaven can be !

... Yet, lo ! when yearning souls receive,
 Array'd in beauty like their Lord's,
 The ransom'd forms they sigh'd to leave,
 Meet sharers in their rich rewards ;—

When He *appears*, proclaims them His,
 Bestows the long-awarded crown,
 And GOD UNVEILS—that weight of bliss
 Shall bow them at His footstool down !

The Fountain found, they scarce shall *own*
 Their draughts of life from desert-streams ;
 And wake to charms in God, unknown
 To fancy's brightest sabbath-dreams :

Through joy's immensity shall move,
 Yet ne'er beyond the Vision's rays ;
 Lose their whole being in His love,
 Their whole duration in His praise.

Our present Help, ere long our Rest,
 At last our Resurrection-Life !
 'T is *Thou* hast raised within our breast
 Of joy with joy this gentle strife :

—To live to Thee, 'midst mortal pain,
 Is pleasure to the pure in heart ;
 —To die, and *be with* Thee, is gain,
 —But heaven, to *see* Thee as Thou art !

O ! guide us to that near repose,
 O ! seal us for that final home ;
 Then, blest are we ; our bliss o'erflows—
 Things present ours, and things to come !

HYMN IX.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE FORM OF ADMINISTRATION
 AND OF THANKSGIVING IN THE ORDER FOR THE
 HOLY COMMUNION.

THE Flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 Which once was given for me,
 Preserve my body and my soul
 To immortality !
This eating—that for me He died
 I solemnly confess ;
 And feed on Him within my heart,
 By faith, with thankfulness.

The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 Which once was shed for me,
 Preserve my body and my soul
 To immortality !
This drinking—for my sins, I own,
 His precious blood was shed ;
 And still with new thanksgivings wreath
 The Victim's hallow'd head !



Glory to GOD on high, in earth
 Peace and good-will proclaim !
 We praise, we bless, we worship Thee ;
 We glorify thy name ;
 For the great glory of thy love
 We loftiest thanks present,
 O Lord our GOD, celestial King,
 Father Omnipotent !

O Lord, the Sole-Begotten Son,
 Christ Jesu, bow Thine ear ;
 O Lord our GOD, O Lamb of GOD,
 Son of the Father, hear !
 Thou takest the world's sins away,
 Have mercy upon *us* !
 Thou takest the world's sins away,
 Have mercy upon us !

Thou takest the world's sins away ;
 Hear, while we wrestle thus,
 And, sitting at Thy Sire's right hand,
Have mercy upon us !
 Thou only Holy art ; the Lord
 Thou only ; Thou alone
 Art, with the Holy Ghost, Most High
 On GOD the Father's throne !

HYMN X.

LAMENTATIONS AND PRAYERS FOR OUR COUNTRY ;

OR,

THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANS ESSENTIAL TO THE
CHRISTIANIZATION OF THE HEATHEN.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us ! That thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

PART I.

AH ! how shall Christless lands
Their wretched lot repair,
While Britain lifts unholy hands
In rites, and vows, and prayer ?

Law, Virtue, TRUTH, sublime
In court and shrine she seats ;
And still profanity and crime
Stalk shameless through her streets !

E'en in her purer homes,
Full oft the glowing hearth
A covert altar-place becomes
For idols of the earth.

Our very kindred, lo !
While flies their fleeting breath,
Their hearts with madness overflow,
And then they sink to death !

And *we*—hath pity stirr'd
 The stupor of our souls ?
 Where zeal scarce lights the warning Word,*
 The wreck of nations rolls !

Blood cries from Christian ground,
 And heathen graves unblest ;
 But vain—we start not at the sound,
 Or, starting, sink to rest.

Is it Thy will, O GOD,
 Thine offspring to condemn ?
 Or Thine, who hast the winepress trod,
 That wrath should come on *them* ?

Towards all Thy mercies melt,
 For all Thyself hast died ;
 O ! were by each Thy mercies felt,
 Thy death to each applied !

The Churches' zeal inflame,
 Answer the Churches' cry ;
 And if our land confess her shame,
 Be merciful from high :

Dread Father ! show us grace—†
 Redeemer ! bless us Thou—
 Spirit of comfort, cause Thy face
 To shine upon us—now !

* “A crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth” (*beacon-like*) “the Word of Life.”

† Psalm lxvii. 1.

PART II.

BLEST Country ! that shall claim
 Jehovah for her GOD ;
 Her strength His everlasting name,
 Her law His gentlest nod.

In vain the stormy blast
 Her circling seas shall toss,
 While o'er her cliffs and domes is cast
 The radiance of the Cross :

That more than rainbow-sign
 Shall stem destruction's flood ;
 Sacred and safe as Salem's shrine
 Her houses mark'd with Blood.

Isle of the innocent,
 Lone, reverend shall she stand ;
 Hallow'd her every tower and tent,
 One temple all her land !

Charm'd to her central shore,
 The tide of Truth shall, still,
 Roll outward, onward, evermore,
 And earth's vast channels fill.

Then shall long-Christless lands
 Their wretched lot repair,
 When Britain shall lift holy hands,
 In warning, as in prayer :

That sign the world shall own,
 Obey, and wake to bliss ;
 Then bless the rainbow 'round the throne—
Once touch'd, the Sceptre kiss.

... Our souls ! ye dream, ye doat,
 Unless your powers ye rouse !
 To Christ your actual all devote,
 Or spare your useless vows !

GREAT SPIRIT ! while we sing,
 Speed, speed those heavenly days ;
 Let all the nations serve our King,
 Let all the people praise !

THE END.

